

THE LEISURE HOUR:

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 37.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1852.

PRICE 1d.
{ STAMPED 2d.



"Filling a cup with a refreshing draught which her own hand had prepared, she offered it to Sir Edward," p. 581.

POCCAHOONTAS:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

THE numerous obstacles which the formation of a

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new colony on the American continent encountered, were at length happily overcome by a band of enterprising men from Plymouth and London. King James I, who had looked very favourably on the undertaking, and had sanctioned all the plans

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which the originators had proposed, finally more than equalled their most sanguine expectations, by securing to the colonists on the other side of the Atlantic equal rights and privileges with the citizens of the mother country, and promising to extend to them his royal protection. The news of this favour, which quickly spread through the counties of England, greatly increased the desire for emigration, and the number of colonists far exceeded the original intentions of the founders. Of course it was necessary to use circumspection in the choice of well-established, well-qualified, and strictly honourable men, and the provision of a suitable outfit was no light matter. But perhaps the greatest consideration in the formation of a new colony was the selection of a judicious governor and leader. This was happily met in the person of Sir Edward Smith; and with every requisite for a settlement in a wild and unknown country, the adventurers sailed from Plymouth on the 17th of April, 1607, amidst the cheers of an immense concourse of people.

As though in sympathy with the joyful hope that filled the hearts of the voyagers, the sails swelled with the fresh land breeze, and England's shores quickly disappeared from view. What mixed feelings must have agitated the breasts of the exiles as they saw their fatherland no longer but as a faint streak on the horizon; and even now, amidst the excitement of their bright anticipations, many a tearful glance was sent across the waters, and many a thought of grief and regret was wafted to the loved ones at home! There was no one amongst them who more manfully strove against the sorrow of separation than Sir Edward himself, who had just bidden adieu to a beloved wife and two young children, leaving them on English shores whilst he went to form in an almost unknown part of the world a new settlement; the issue of which, brilliant as the prospect might seem in the eyes of many, could not but be involved in some doubt and obscurity. He had been leading a happy domestic life when, in accordance with the wishes of his friends and the expressed desire of his royal master, he accepted the conduct of an enterprise which he felt to be in many respects difficult and hazardous. Amidst these reflections, which the brave man kept hidden in the sanctuary of his own heart, other anxieties oppressed him. Many a time had he braved the dangers of the ocean; but then he had been surrounded by an obedient and devoted crew, who held their strict but just captain in the utmost respect and veneration, and to whom they rendered hearty and cheerful service. Now the case was altered. He was for the most part amongst strangers, for whose peculiar interests he felt that he must watch and provide, while this enlarged sphere of labour would demand very great prudence and activity.

By degrees, however, the difficulties which he anticipated, vanished. He won the respect and confidence of all, and their love soon followed. And once, when in a fearful storm, like an old and well-tried sailor, he succeeded in animating the fearful and despondent Jack Hanway, his faithful servant could not resist seizing his hand and saying: "Ah, sir, your gentleness makes you here, as everywhere, the unlimited master of all around you."

After many anxieties and discouragements dur-

ing the voyage, a joyful acclamation was one morning heard on board, that the American shore was in view; and before evening they arrived at the wide mouth of the James River. The utmost life and activity prevailed on board; every breast was beating high with expectation of the coming day, when the vessel was to run up the stream and a suitable landing-place would be selected. Joyous songs resounded from many a voice, but whilst the leader's bosom was cheered, he felt it important to abstain from the demonstration of any very sanguine hopes. He perceived it would require the utmost exertion of his influence and patience to lead his companions through the privations of a settler's life, to moderate any extravagant joy, and to repress outbreaks of anger and fits of despondency of which he had already seen indications during the voyage—those rocks on which other adventurers had too often split. There were some amongst them, indeed, who did not hesitate to declare that their captain grudged them their innocent joy, when he checked its exuberant display; and but for the friendly efforts of Jack Hanway, who always knew how to place his beloved master's words and actions in the most favourable light, his motives would frequently have been misconstrued by the company.

On the next day, at sunrise, a clear and resplendent May morning, as far as the eye could reach they beheld the richly wooded coast of America, which to the enchanted gaze of the Europeans appeared incomparably beautiful. The majestic river rolled proudly into the sea, and appeared to smile on the weary voyagers and bid them a hearty welcome. Its banks were clad with the utmost luxuriance. Trees, of whose gigantic magnificence and beauty no European can form a conception, here offered to the eye an infinite variety. The evergreen oak raised its proud head far into the blue air, vying with the slender pine, the fir, and the larch. Acacias of various kinds in fragrant blossom, the white-stemmed plantain with its lordly crown of leaves, fine nuts and chestnuts in rich bloom, completed the lovely forest scene. Many a bird of strange form and plumage, unknown to the English, hovered among the branches. Beneath the trees were splendid flowers, among which they recognised the evergreen rhododendron and the sweet magnolia. All these sylvan riches the settlers contemplated with increasing satisfaction, and from the richness of the vegetation they augured well of the capacity and productiveness of the soil. Amidst all this fragrance the ship, with a fresh and favouring gale, entered the river's mouth, and as they passed the beautiful banks they saw many a roe feeding in the distant pastures—a glad sight for the voyagers, as it gave them the prospect of abundance of fresh meat.

The vessel had already made considerable progress, when they unexpectedly came upon an admirable spot for anchorage. The river here inclined considerably to the right bank, and making a deep indentation into the land, formed in its current back a fine peninsula, presenting also an admirable harbour for the vessel. For some miles a beautiful plain extended itself, and the whole lovely spot was inclosed by a range of lofty hills. A sparkling stream, clear as crystal, rose at a short dis-

tance and gradually enlarged into a river. Sweet, wholesome fountains gushed out here and there from the fertile soil; while the magnificence of the trees, as well as the luxuriance of the vegetation, proved that no better site could be chosen for the colony. A consultation of the elders, whose patriarchal influence Smith had been anxious to secure, was quickly held. The anchor fell; and, amidst the loud cheers of the crew, the boat put off, and the captain, with the principal persons in the ship's company, prepared to set foot on the ground which was henceforward to be their home.

As soon as they were landed, and Thornton, a fine grey-headed old man, had uttered a short prayer, commanding the new settlement to the Divine blessing, the captain took the axe, and striking the first blow on the stem of a plantain, he cried out:—"James-town shall be the name of this colony, which, with God's assistance, we propose to found in honour of our Lord the King, James I."

A unanimous shout of joy testified to the satisfaction of the hearers, and, at a sign from Smith, they all formed a circle around him, when he proceeded to unfold the king's patent, nominating him to the governorship of the colony, and binding the settlers to obedience. When this was concluded, he addressed them in a forcible and persuasive manner. Once more he enlarged upon the discouragements and difficulties which awaited them, urging them to perseverance and industry, and warning them against despondency if all things should not succeed to their expectations. He entreated them to prove themselves worthy of the king's favour, and of the trust reposed in them by the founders of the enterprise; impressing on them the necessity of harmonious and united effort towards effecting a secure establishment in the country, and the policy as well as duty of gentleness and humanity to the aborigines. He concluded with assurances of the utmost zeal, fidelity, and self-sacrificing energy on his own part, and his desire to promote their interests.

By this powerful address, so well suited to the occasion, the spirits of his companions were raised, and with one accord they lifted up their hands to the blue sky, pledging their faith and obedience to him and firm adherence to one another.

"Let us, then, with God's help, go to work," said Sir Edward, with deep emotion; and in a moment the forest resounded with the stroke of the axe, under the skilful blows of which many a wood-giant fell. He allowed them to clear a considerable space, sparing one enormous plantain, which he designed as the centre of the colony, and under whose spreading branches, which described a large circle, Smith, cheerfully assisted by the rest, built his own log-house.

When the hour for repose drew near, great was the rejoicing at the result of their labour in the quickly constructed hut; and after due precautions for safety had been taken, they lay down to sleep for the first time on the soil of their adopted country, and enjoyed the sweetest repose after the labours of the eventful day.

After fourteen days' hard labour, there stood in regular rows the well but roughly built log-houses of the English. By each house was a plot of garden-ground, to be cultivated and planted during certain hours when their labour was not re-

quired for the general good; and James-town might now be declared founded.

Smith, whose constant aim it was to secure the greatest amount of prosperity to the colony, saw the importance, at the very commencement of the new life, of an equable division of labour. Whilst the husbandman tilled the newly acquired soil, and the carpenter was preparing beams for the larger dwellings, the mason erected houses better adapted for winter habitation, and the captain himself with the young and active men of the company would often chase through the forest, and, following the Indian trail, would bring home to the weary labourers many a wholesome and nourishing meal, whilst the small number of old men amongst them would take the boats and fish in the plentifully supplied stream. A happy simple life did they lead; and pleasant it was in the evening hour to collect in ranks around their wise governor, and recount the employments of the day, each rejoicing in his share of the labour for the prosperity of the whole.

During the expeditions which the hunting party made to the least frequented parts of the wood, and from which they never returned without rich spoil, it was Smith's great desire to establish a friendly intercourse with the natives. But in vain he sought to accomplish it. It is true, that when they halted to rest, they not unfrequently found torches the fire of which was scarcely extinct, proving beyond all doubt that those they sought could be at no great distance, and yet they never on any one occasion came in contact with the Indians. The existence of the English could scarcely be unknown to the inhabitants; still less was it probable that fear kept them concealed, for Sir Walter Raleigh, who had already discovered this line of coast and had called it, in honour of the maiden queen, Virginia, had spoken in high terms of the bravery as well as the good character of the tribe. Sometimes Jack Hanway and Thornton imagined that they saw the red form of the Indian on the opposite shore. They had even made signals of peace, and beckoned to them to cross; but in a moment the figure dived into the green thicket and left them in doubt whether they had not altogether been under a delusion, as the width of the river was considerable. At length, after close observation, which Smith deemed necessary, it was plain to him that the suspicious Indians skulked about their settlement, as he daily discovered footmarks on the newly ploughed fields. There must at least have been twenty men, judging from the number of footsteps; and that they had been holding a long conference was also evident, as on a certain spot the marks were all close together, and the ground much trodden down. The night watchmen were much astonished at this discovery; for close as the Indians must have approached them, not the slightest noise had reached their ears.

"A crafty enemy surrounds our peaceful homes," said Smith in the council; "let us follow his track, and try to be reconciled to him."

"Do you think that this will become us?" asked the aged Thornton. "Have we," continued he, "offered an offence to the Indians?"

"Can you read the wild man's heart," asked Sir Edward. "If you can, then you may find there

some just indignation against the bold stranger who enters his forest, kills his deer, and without permission takes up his abode amongst them. What have you to answer to this?" said he to the old man, looking earnestly at him.

"I was in error I fear in indulging the thought," said Thornton. "Let us then hold out the hand of friendship and try to appease them. Do you depart, sir, and leave with me all cares for the rest. May you succeed in your efforts to protect us! and if you do not prosper—then, alas! innocent blood must flow."

"Let it be as you say, Thornton," replied the governor. "Obey him," he said to his hearers; "he will fill my place for a while. But who will follow me?"

In a moment twenty strong men ranged themselves on the captain's side, and said with one voice, "We will follow."

He allowed them to carry arms, and to furnish themselves with ammunition from the store. He then took provisions for a five days' journey, besides several trifles which it is customary to offer to the natives as presents, and did not forget a looking-glass for the chief.

When the expedition was ready to start, Sir Edward perceived for the first time that Jack Hanway was amongst them.

"Stay here, Jack," said the captain. "At your years an adventure like this is no longer suitable." But Jack was immovable.

"Who knows what may befall you, sir?" replied he; "and I have promised the good lady never to leave you. My word I must keep."

"But you will be more burden to us, Jack," answered Sir Edward, "than you can possibly be of service."

"No, no, Sir Edward," replied the old man earnestly. "Trust me, Jack is not quite useless yet."

Smith reluctantly gave way; and, accompanied by the best wishes of the settlers, the caravan was set in motion and followed the trail of the Indians, which they discovered to be in a westerly direction.

They had crossed the line of hills which formed the natural barrier of James-town, and were now approaching another considerable chain of mountains, without having arrived at any Indian encampment. On the third day of their journey, the path lay through an almost trackless wood, and as evening drew near, after kindling their watch-fires, they lay down to rest.

Although the Indians' trail had described no straight line, the settlers had never entirely lost sight of it, and the further they advanced the more numerous were the marks of the wild men. The night passed peacefully away, and on the following morning they pursued their journey with renewed strength and vigour. The track now forsook the river's bank, and lay along a little stream which branched off from the larger river. Wilder and grander was the scenery. High rocks towered above them, and more and more impenetrable were the mighty forests. At noon, they arrived at a spot in the mountains, the extraordinary appearance of which excited their astonishment. They had wandered a short distance from the mountain path, when suddenly an enormous ravine opened before them. In a frightful abyss, before which

the stoutest heart trembled, the torrent roared loudly, sending up abundance of white foam. Walls of limestone rock arose on either side to an immense height, and across this dizzy pass was arched a bridge, cut as it were out of the rock itself, equal to any that the art of man ever constructed, but Nature alone was the architect.

With feelings of wonder which he had never before experienced, Sir Edward gazed on this scene of awful sublimity. His companions shared in his sensations. Not a word was spoken. For a few moments they stood thus, lost in the prospect, when a loud whoop sounded in their ears, and a cold thrill ran through their veins. It was the Indian war-cry. A shower of arrows at the same instant assailed them, and one of their company fell.

Sir Edward immediately collected himself, and gathering a bough of a tree held it up as a sign of peace. It was a vain effort. The red men pressed towards them in a mass, still uttering their piercing cry. Most reluctantly did Smith give permission to his men to fire, yet only in the air, and they had scarcely done this than, seized with mortal terror, the Indians fled. Smith followed them for some distance, still holding out the branch of peace, bound with cloth, and calling to them persuasively to return.

After pursuing the savages for some time in their disorderly flight, the latter suddenly halted in an open part of the forest; and casting an anxious glance towards their dwellings, which were now in view, the natives appeared to come to the resolution to treat for peace. Having, therefore, allowed the party to approach, they in their turn plucked a branch and extended it to the enemy.

With some dignity, Smith now stepped towards the chief—an old man, in whose countenance it was difficult to say whether shrewdness and cunning or an undaunted courage predominated—and boldly stretched out his hand, which the Indian, not without some trepidation, accepted. The presents were then produced and distributed amongst the eldest of the tribe, who must have numbered at least one hundred. By means of signs, Smith testified his desire to live on terms of amity with them, which they appeared to understand, and to which proposal, with some hesitation, they assented.

The chief now motioned to Smith to be seated, and considered for a few moments how he should make himself intelligible to the captain. From his replies, it appeared to the Indian that his signs were misunderstood, for suddenly leaping from the ground, and with the most savage and expressive gestures, he exclaimed:—"Why do you come into our forests? Who called you over the great salt water? Take away your swimming houses! take away your thunder and lightning! and leave us to our wild life and our peace."

Sir Edward, who comprehended the sense of the chief Powhattan's words and vehement gesticulations, hastened to appease him; and laying his hand on his heart, he assured him of his friendly and peaceful intentions. Powhattan was evidently softened, and the presents too were not without their effect; and in a few minutes he took his spear and stuck it deep in the ground; an example which was followed by the remainder of the tribe, although in many cases with evident reluctance.

An amicable conference ensued, and the settlers,

nvited by the Indians, proceeded to the encampment, which lay in a deep valley not far from the natural bridge in the rocks.

A wild cry from the children of the tribe welcomed the returning Indians. Women and maidens stepped out of every hut and looked with undisguised curiosity at the white strangers, feeling them over and laughing loudly. The tumult was universal, increasing every moment. It appeared that the women believed the English to be prisoners, for a savage joy gleamed in their eyes as they thought of the joyful feast when the captives should be sacrificed.

Whilst this observation was going on with the natives, Powhatan took Sir Edward's hand and led him towards his hut. A maiden came out to meet them. She was scarcely eighteen; even in European eyes, the symmetry of her form and her handsome and regular features excited admiration and surprise. With much natural grace she went up to her father, and after relieving him of his weapons, looked with a melancholy and compassionate interest upon the white stranger, asking her father if he were a prisoner. On his reply in the negative, but that he was an ally with whom he was about to break the bread of peace, her fine face lighted up with benevolent joy, and filling a cup with a refreshing draught which her own hand had prepared, she offered it to Sir Edward, who courteously accepted it.

Pocahontas was the only child of the chief Powhatan, the joy of the old man's heart, and the ornament and delight of the tribe. She had been sought in marriage by the noblest of the Indian youths, but hitherto her affections had been closed against them all. Her love had one centre, one sole object, and that was her aged father; her mother having been dead many years. Often had Powhatan urged her to marry his favourite nephew, the son of his deceased brother, as he would at the chief's death succeed him as head of the tribe; but in vain. She shunned Jukka, so the young chief was named, as she had shunned the other youths of her own people; and until the moment that Smith entered her father's dwelling, she had never experienced a feeling of preference for any human being. But when the white stranger—the grave man of six and thirty—stood before her, the poor unsuspecting child of the forest felt a new feeling of affection spring up within her, and gave way to it in her simplicity and ignorance without reserve. She set before her visitor the best food she could procure, waited on him with the utmost assiduity and care; and when Sir Edward, in distributing the presents he had brought, presented her as her share with a gay string of coral beads, she felt unspeakably happy.

The captain partook with Powhatan of the meal which Pocahontas had provided; they drank in token of amity out of the same cup, and thus confirmed the treaty of peace and friendship, much to the satisfaction of the governor, who well knew that peace was the only element in which his infant colony could thrive; and this peace he had, he believed, secured.

The comfort which he felt in the success of his mission made the usually thoughtful man cheerful and even playful. He thought he saw, in Powhatan's intense love to his child, that the way to

the chief's heart lay through that of the maiden. As it was, he made it his study to please Pocahontas—little suspecting that, in the attentions which he paid her, he was insensibly kindling hopes in the untutored breast of the Indian maid which could never be realized. We are narrating, be it remembered, no fancy story. Pocahontas, we may observe—at the risk of anticipating our narrative—was a real character, and her name is well known to those who are familiar with the early history of America. Surely some misgiving should have entered Smith's manly heart, some fear lest, in his policy to the Indian, a feeling which he could not extinguish might be kindled in the breast of his daughter. Sir Edward remained for three days in the Indian encampment, and both he and his companions continued to be on excellent terms with the tribe.

One man alone, Jukka, had preserved a suspicious and almost savage demeanour towards the English settlers. Powhatan appeared not to regard it, but was very far from having any serious intentions of keeping his contract with the English, especially since Jukka had endeavoured secretly to kindle the latent spark of hatred in his breast, by the worst insinuations against the colonists. Craft was, as we have observed, a leading characteristic with Powhatan. When the Indians gathered a second time round the fire of council, in order to confirm the bond which had been already made, he was for a time outvoted in his intentions of destruction towards the English; it was, however, only for a time, for to root the white man from the soil was his firm and abiding resolution.

The treaty was at length ratified in the presence of the whole people, and a solemn promise given by them shortly to encamp on the right bank of the James River, in the neighbourhood of the new colony, in order to secure its protection from other hostile tribes, and an oath was finally taken by each party never to break the peace. Early on the following day, the settlers set out on their homeward journey. They proposed to take the route by the bridge of rocks, in order to inter the corpse of their fallen comrade, and Powhatan and his daughter accompanied them for a short distance on their journey. They were quiet and solemn. The separation from Sir Edward evidently gave pain to Pocahontas, yet she could not have forsaken her aged father even for him. She walked quietly by his side, now plucking him a sweet berry, now gathering a lovely flower, and as he took the simple gifts he observed that the tears glistened in her eye at the prospect of parting.

Again they stood beside the extraordinary natural bridge, which but a short time before had excited their astonishment. Deep in the abyss, on a thorn bush, was suspended the body of the unhappy man who had fallen in the previous fray. No wild animal had discovered the remains. He had been a brave man; and it was with true sorrow that his comrades dug his lonely grave in the wilds, and covered it over with the earth. Pocahontas looked earnestly at the ceremony, and still more serious was her gaze when the Englishmen, with folded hands, joined their commander in the simple and impressive burial service of their church, the solemnity of which the Indians seemed to feel, although unable to comprehend its meaning.

Before the train moved, Powhattan took a long draught of the "fire water," a temptation which he always felt to be irresistible. Pocahontas, with downcast eyes however, watched the preparations of the Englishman and his party for their departure. As Sir Edward Smith, after bidding her father adieu, held out his hand to her, the tears which started from her eyes and coursed down her cheek betrayed her secret emotions, and for the first time there dawned on the governor the conviction that Pocahontas, rude Indian maiden as she was, carried within her feelings as sensitive as those of the daughters of a more civilized clime.

Heading his party, and strictly keeping to the same line which he had pursued in his journey to the encampment, the governor and his men now wound along the river's side; but, ere they had gone far, Sir Edward turned round to glance once more at that noble work of the Almighty Architect, the bridge of rocks, and there he beheld Pocahontas standing, mournfully waving a green bough in token of farewell. He stood with his men immovable at this spectacle, their eyes resting on the form standing on that dizzy height.

While they were yet gazing, they observed Pocahontas joined by a young Indian of her tribe, from whom she seemed to draw back with an attitude of abhorrence and dislike. At that moment, the eye of the savage fell on Smith and his party. Quickly the bow was snatched from his shoulder, and an arrow whizzed through the air before Pocahontas could arrest his arm.

A piercing long-continued shriek echoed through the rocks. The governor however had happily avoided the shaft by glancing behind the trunk of a tree, and the arrow fell harmlessly on a spot close to that on which he stood. When he came from his hiding-place Pocahontas and her companion had disappeared; and with their minds filled with suspicions of the Indians, and dark forebodings of future treachery on their part, the band of settlers hastened homewards.

"It must have been Jukka, the Indian whom we noticed in the wigwam of Powhattan, who shot that arrow," said Jack Hanway to Sir Edward.

"Know you, sir, wherefore he did that?"

"I am as little curious to know the secrets of the Indians as to unravel their riddles," replied the captain gravely; and Jack, who knew his master well, retreated. Smith's spirit was at that moment soaring far over the blue sea to his wife and beloved little ones at home: the images of her and his little ones came before his troubled spirit with a soothing influence.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS.—It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances. It removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of a business reputation.—*Messrs. T.*

OUR SECOND DAY AT BRIGHTON.

On the morning succeeding the day whose rambles we have already described, having resolved upon an inspection of the environs, we were off to Shoreham by an early train, which, after passing near the village of Hove, the ruins of Aldrington Church, and the little hamlets of Southwick and Kingston, dropped us at the station in a little more than a quarter of an hour. There are two Shorehams, the old and the new, lying about half a mile apart. New Shoreham, where we alight, is, as its name implies, a new town, which of late years has risen into some degree of importance. It boasts a harbour capable of accommodating shipping of considerable burden, and ships are built in the docks adjoining. We arrive just a day too soon to witness the launch of a fine vessel destined for Australia, of which we are informed the berths are engaged before she is afloat—such is the rage for emigration to the gold diggings. We walk round her broad copper-clad bulk, resounding with the noise of a hundred hammers. She is ready, at the given signal, to leap from the stocks into her proper element, and will no doubt be far off on her voyage before this paper sees the light. The river Adur, which runs into the sea near New Shoreham, is here spanned by a handsome suspension-bridge, built by the Duke of Norfolk. There are no remarkable buildings in the town, with the exception of the church, which is a fine specimen of mixed Gothic and Norman architecture, and bears evident traces of having once been of much greater extent than it is at present. The ruins of two massive walls extend from either side of the western window almost to the boundary of the churchyard; and between them, in what may have been the nave of the original church, a sturdy tree has grown to maturity and is falling to decay—indicating that many centuries have passed since these old walls were roofed in.

We pursued our walk to Old Shoreham, desirous of a glimpse at the old church, which we remember in days of yore as a picturesque ruin. Old Shoreham is now but an inconsiderable village, though centuries ago it was a place of some importance, and is mentioned by historians as the spot where Ella, the first king of the South Saxons, landed to complete the conquest of England. We found the old church entirely restored and rebuilt, and glittering in the sun with the hues of new bricks and new roofing. It presents a most beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient Saxon taste and skill in the garb of modern materials, but has been rather overdone with ornament in undergoing restoration.

We were picked up at Shoreham by a friend in an open chaise, and returned to Brighton along the road which runs nearly all the way by the sea-side; a most pleasant and animating drive commanding a rich and ever varying prospect. That part of the town west of the Steyne is more especially devoted to commerce; rows of admirable shops fronted in truly metropolitan style, and crammed with the wealth which industry creates, extend along the best part of the sea margin, and attest at once the prosperity of the citizens and the activity of commerce. The sun being yet high in the sky, we proposed to our friend an impromptu excursion to the Dyke, one of the chief lions of the neighbourhood. The trip being agreed on, and a bargain

struck with the driver—a very necessary preliminary in these cases—we set off at once. We cannot say very much for the pleasure of the drive to this place. After leaving Brighton, the road begins very soon to remind us that Macadam cannot have been in that direction for some time past, and before we have got half way we are as dusty as millers on a busy day, and considerably more gritty. As we begin to ascend the final hill, we are compensated by purer air, and a new and more extensive view which gradually unfolds itself. The Devil's Dyke, as it is ordinarily termed, owing its ugly name to its gloomy and precipitous appearance, is one of those natural chasms which occur so frequently in the mountainous ranges of the Sussex downs. The traveller who approaches Brighton from Hastings will see before him, about midway, a lofty hill of many miles in extent, whose long ridgy back cuts the sky at an elevation of several hundred feet above the plain upon which he is rushing along. Upon the sides of this mountainous range he will discern a number of sudden and declivitous hollows, resembling on a colossal scale the sharp circular cavities in a snow-drift, and suggesting the idea that the whole mass of the mountain was once an infinity of atoms in motion under the influence of some mighty tempest, which suddenly subsiding left it fixed for ever in its present form. Such a cavity is the Dyke; we are inclined to think it is not the most remarkable one which could have been selected, but being within six miles of Brighton, and conveniently situated for a morning's drive, it has become a notoriety, and indeed is well worth incurring the dusty pilgrimage which a visit to it entails. The top of the hill is said to be the highest point of the entire area of the Sussex downs. The view towards the south, fronting the sea, comprehends the whole line of coast from the Isle of Wight on the west to Beechy Head on the east; and from the loftiness of the elevation, the eye, on a clear day, takes in an expanse of ocean which startles the mind, and almost realizes the dreams of imagination. Looking inland, the prospect is, if possible, still more magnificent and impressive. The valley upon which the spectator looks down is said to be more than a hundred miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth; and the prospect spread out before him is bounded only by his own powers of vision. We cannot pretend to rehearse the number of counties, towns, and towers which were pointed out to us, nor even to guess at the distance at which some of them lay. Persons are to be met with on the spot to whom the whole living map is familiar from long acquaintance; but we always prefer generalizing in the presence of such scenery, and have no relish for being taken by the button and lessened in geography, while

"Our soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,"

and revels in the vain but sublime endeavour to grasp the whole. There is a comfortable and well-furnished inn on the spot, where refreshments may be obtained at a reasonable charge, and civility and information are thrown into the bargain.

Another favourite resort of the lovers of the panoramic and picturesque is the Miller's Tomb, a plain brick and stone mausoleum, erected by an

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Before the train moved, Powhattan took a long draught of the "fire water," a temptation which he always felt to be irresistible. Pocahontas, with downcast eyes however, watched the preparations of the Englishman and his party for their departure. As Sir Edward Smith, after bidding her father adieu, held out his hand to her, the tears which started from her eyes and coursed down her cheek betrayed her secret emotions, and for the first time there dawned on the governor the conviction that Pocahontas, rude Indian maiden as she was, carried within her feelings as sensitive as those of the daughters of a more civilized clime.

Heading his party, and strictly keeping to the same line which he had pursued in his journey to the encampment, the governor and his men now wound along the river's side; but, ere they had gone far, Sir Edward turned round to glance once more at that noble work of the Almighty Architect, the bridge of rocks, and there he beheld Pocahontas standing, mournfully waving a green bough in token of farewell. He stood with his men immovable at this spectacle, their eyes resting on the form standing on that dizzy height.

While they were yet gazing, they observed Pocahontas joined by a young Indian of her tribe, from whom she seemed to draw back with an attitude of abhorrence and dislike. At that moment, the eye of the savage fell on Smith and his party. Quickly the bow was snatched from his shoulder, and an arrow whizzed through the air before Pocahontas could arrest his arm.

A piercing long-continued shriek echoed through the rocks. The governor however had happily avoided the shaft by glancing behind the trunk of a tree, and the arrow fell harmlessly on a spot close to that on which he stood. When he came from his hiding-place Pocahontas and her companion had disappeared; and with their minds filled with suspicions of the Indians, and dark forebodings of future treachery on their part, the band of settlers hastened homewards.

"It must have been Jukka, the Indian whom we noticed in the wigwam of Powhattan, who shot that arrow," said Jack Hanway to Sir Edward. "Know you, sir, wherefore he did that?"

"I am as little curious to know the secrets of the Indians as to unravel their riddles," replied the captain gravely; and Jack, who knew his master well, retreated. Smith's spirit was at that moment soaring far over the blue sea to his wife and beloved little ones at home: the images of her and his little ones came before his troubled spirit with a soothing influence.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS.—It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances. It removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of a business reputation.—*Shenstone.*

OUR SECOND DAY AT BRIGHTON.

On the morning succeeding the day whose rambles we have already described, having resolved upon an inspection of the environs, we were off to Shoreham by an early train, which, after passing near the village of Hove, the ruins of Aldrington Church, and the little hamlets of Southwick and Kingston, dropped us at the station in a little more than a quarter of an hour. There are two Shorehams, the old and the new, lying about half a mile apart. New Shoreham, where we alight, is, as its name implies, a new town, which of late years has risen into some degree of importance. It boasts a harbour capable of accommodating shipping of considerable burden, and ships are built in the dockyards adjoining. We arrive just a day too soon to witness the launch of a fine vessel destined for Australia, of which we are informed the berths are engaged before she is afloat—such is the rage for emigration to the gold diggings. We walk round her broad copper-clad bulk, resounding with the noise of a hundred hammers. She is ready, at the given signal, to leap from the stocks into her proper element, and will no doubt be far off on her voyage before this paper sees the light. The river Adur, which runs into the sea near New Shoreham, is here spanned by a handsome suspension-bridge, built by the Duke of Norfolk. There are no remarkable buildings in the town, with the exception of the church, which is a fine specimen of mixed Gothic and Norman architecture, and bears evident traces of having once been of much greater extent than it is at present. The ruins of two massive walls extend from either side of the western window almost to the boundary of the churchyard; and between them, in what may have been the nave of the original church, a sturdy tree has grown to maturity and is falling to decay—indicating that many centuries have passed since these old walls were roofed in.

We pursued our walk to Old Shoreham, desirous of a glimpse at the old church, which we remember in days of yore as a picturesque ruin. Old Shoreham is now but an inconsiderable village, though centuries ago it was a place of some importance, and is mentioned by historians as the spot where Ella, the first king of the South Saxons, landed to complete the conquest of England. We found the old church entirely restored and rebuilt, and glittering in the sun with the hues of new bricks and new roofing. It presents a most beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient Saxon taste and skill in the garb of modern materials, but has been rather overdone with ornament in undergoing restoration.

We were picked up at Shoreham by a friend in an open chaise, and returned to Brighton along the road which runs nearly all the way by the sea-side; a most pleasant and animating drive commanding a rich and ever varying prospect. That part of the town west of the Steyne is more especially devoted to commerce; rows of admirable shops fronted in truly metropolitan style, and crammed with the wealth which industry creates, extend along the best part of the sea margin, and attest at once the prosperity of the citizens and the activity of commerce. The sun being yet high in the sky, we proposed to our friend an impromptu excursion to the Dyke, one of the chief lions of the neighbourhood. The trip being agreed on, and a bargain

struck with the driver—a very necessary preliminary in these cases—we set off at once. We cannot say very much for the pleasure of the drive to this place. After leaving Brighton, the road begins very soon to remind us that Macadam cannot have been in that direction for some time past, and before we have got half way we are as dusty as millers on a busy day, and considerably more gritty. As we begin to ascend the final hill, we are compensated by purer air, and a new and more extensive view which gradually unfolds itself. The Devil's Dyke, as it is ordinarily termed, owing its ugly name to its gloomy and precipitous appearance, is one of those natural chasms which occur so frequently in the mountainous ranges of the Sussex downs. The traveller who approaches Brighton from Hastings will see before him, about midway, a lofty hill of many miles in extent, whose long ridgy back cuts the sky at an elevation of several hundred feet above the plain upon which he is rushing along. Upon the sides of this mountainous range he will discern a number of sudden and declivitous hollows, resembling on a colossal scale the sharp circular cavities in a snow-drift, and suggesting the idea that the whole mass of the mountain was once an infinity of atoms in motion under the influence of some mighty tempest, which suddenly subsiding left it fixed for ever in its present form. Such a cavity is the Dyke; we are inclined to think it is not the most remarkable one which could have been selected, but being within six miles of Brighton, and conveniently situated for a morning's drive, it has become a notoriety, and indeed is well worth incurring the dusty pilgrimage which a visit to it entails. The top of the hill is said to be the highest point of the entire area of the Sussex downs. The view towards the south, fronting the sea, comprehends the whole line of coast from the Isle of Wight on the west to Beechy Head on the east; and from the loftiness of the elevation, the eye, on a clear day, takes in an expanse of ocean which startles the mind, and almost realizes the dreams of imagination. Looking inland, the prospect is, if possible, still more magnificent and impressive. The valley upon which the spectator looks down is said to be more than a hundred miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth; and the prospect spread out before him is bounded only by his own powers of vision. We cannot pretend to rehearse the number of counties, towns, and towers which were pointed out to us, nor even to guess at the distance at which some of them lay. Persons are to be met with on the spot to whom the whole living map is familiar from long acquaintance; but we always prefer generalizing in the presence of such scenery, and have no relish for being taken by the button and lessoned in geography, while

"Our soul, like the sun, with a glance
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notice than we have space to give it. Lewes is supposed to occupy the site of a Roman station. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, upon one of which, about a mile distant from the town, was fought the great battle between Henry III and the barons, under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, in 1264. The Castle of Lewes is an ancient and interesting ruin: the gateway is yet in tolerable preservation, being partly of Saxon architecture and partly of a later date. Besides the gateway, a considerable portion of the central fortifications yet remains. There is a road running through the western rampart, and a part of the area of the castle has been converted into a bowling-green. Thirteen years after the Conquest, a Priory was founded at Lewes by Earl Warren, and his Countess Gundreda, for the monks of the Cluniac order. The remains of the founders were unearthed during the excavations for the railway in 1845; they were found inclosed in leaden cists, which were legibly inscribed with the names of the deceased. These remains are now deposited in Southover church, beneath a handsome monument. There were formerly extensive works at Lewes for the casting of cannon; but the only manufacture of any note now carried on is that of paper—a significant and suggestive change in the commerce of the town. Lewes lies at eight miles' distance from Brighton, and may be reached in half an hour by the Brighton and Hastings railway.

The veteran archeologist, who finds his greatest pleasure in contemplating the greatest ruin, should direct his steps towards Bramber Castle. By following the valley of the Adur upwards from Shoreham bridge, he will soon come in sight of its lofty remains. In the feudal ages this was an enormous stronghold, and must have presented a formidable barrier to the aggressions of our invader. A good idea of its ancient strength and extent may be formed from an inspection of its bulky ruins, though all that is now standing is a portion of what is supposed to have been the original gateway and a few mouldering walls. The date of its construction, like that of the Castle of Hastings, is not ascertainable. In Domesday book, which was compiled in 1086, it is mentioned under the name which it at present retains. It is said, though it is difficult to realize the fact, that so late as the protectorate of Cromwell this castle was garrisoned by the parliamentary forces. The village of Bramber, containing but a few thatched cottages, which are burgage-holds, conferring a right of voting upon their occupants, was disfranchised by the Reform Bill. The church, which is a curious structure and looks much older than it is, is built in the fosses of the old castle, the stones of which probably supplied the materials. The wreck of the castle stands on a circular hill, and is visible from a considerable distance in all directions.

We can recall to memory a pleasant trip which we made some years ago to Arundel Castle. The romantic and picturesque scenery surrounding this magnificent seat of the Duke of Norfolk—its embowering woods and rural shades—are yet fresh in our recollection, and above all, the noble works of art in the gallery, which the public were then permitted to view. That permission is, however, obtainable no longer, the castle being now closed against visitors. An hour's ride upon the railway

will bring the tourist to Arundel Station, and as an outsider, he may if he choose yet visit the castle, and enjoy a delightful ramble among the slopes and dells of its well-wooded precincts.

In the above brief summary of Brighton and its neighbourhood, we have been compelled (to use a proverbial and homely phrase) to cut our coat according to our cloth, and sometimes to condense within the limits of a paragraph subjects which would have furnished matter for a sheet. We must plead the necessity of the case in excuse; and in bidding farewell to the brightest of towns, we may be allowed earnestly to pray, that no predatory *Join-ville* be permitted to play the part of *Smash-ville* at the expense of the inhabitants, and by a storm of shot and shell in their shop windows, their lofty attics, or on the porcupine upper crust of their Pavilion, put them in bodily fear. In these days of long-ranges, and what-d'y'e call'em rifles, which knock a man down before he comes in sight, one can't help thinking that Brighton, with its pop-gun battery of six guns, presents a very tempting target to a piratical enemy envious of distinction. It is true, such fierce aggressors have already been warned off by Captain Warner; but if a war should break out, they would be but all the more anxious to show their contempt of the long-range and the futility of the warning. In such a case, the existence of Brighton would depend from day to day and hour to hour upon the superiority of the British ships in the offing over anything which the enemy could bring against them. May the peace of nearly forty years continue unbroken, and our forebodings of disaster be as false as our desires for the welfare of Brighton are hearty and true!

THE GENESEE GIRL AND HER LITTLE RED BOOK.

AN AMERICAN INCIDENT.

On a very cold morning in February, 1831, says Grant Thorburn of America, the well known original of "Laurie Todd," we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, well packed, in a stage with wheels, besides a very neat coach which held only four. We afterwards were transferred to a Jersey vehicle. It began to rain, and when we reached the next stage, to change horses, we looked like moving pillars of salt; our hats, cloaks, and storm-clothes being covered an eighth of an inch with ice transparent. Here we were placed in a covered box with runners, the cover being white-wood boards, placed an eighth of an inch apart, without paint, leather, or canvass. The rain descended, and snow came; our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another.

Among our passengers was a young woman who, from her appearance, might have seen seventeen summers. Having finished her education in New York, she was returning to her friends in the West. Most of the day there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio; a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and

eyes. Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants in the new settlements, remarked, that wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, sober, and circumspect than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This remark drew forth the tongue and the learning of our young whiskered companion. He had been to college, and was studying law in New York; he spoke long and loud about priesthood; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the bible of Mohammed than the Acts of the Apostles. He said death at the worst was only a leap in the dark. But ah, this leap in the dark! We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that our courage, in a few minutes, would be put to the test. It had rained all day, the road got bad, and the driver said he would take to the river: the passengers, one and all, remonstrated to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water the driver drank rum. Our fears arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as the ice was covered two feet with water. Fear was now on every countenance. I looked on our farmer; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with fear. I asked what he thought? He said it was very unsafe, and very imprudent. I looked on the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket. While I watched the effect of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a *little red book*; she opened it, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut the book and replaced it in her basket, she turned her face towards the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. I looked on the young man; he trembled in every limb. This *leap in the dark* had taken him by surprise; he was like one without hope,—while she, placing her slender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages, with her hand took a grasp upon the skies, "bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl."

We arrived at Albany by sun-down. The young woman and I put up in the same hotel. Supper being ended, we took sweet counsel together till 10 p. m. I asked to see the little red book. Its title was, "*Daily Food for Christians; being a portion of Scripture and a Hymn for every Day in the Year.*"* I asked what portion pleased her so much when we were dragging in the water? She pointed to the text for that day in February—it read: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever."

Returning the book, I said, "There be many who say the Bible is all delusion." "They may call it what they please," she replied; "but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life." I now learned that this young lady was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, surveyor-general to the State. She was married, in April, 1835, to Dr. Grant, of Utica; a few weeks thereafter they sailed from Boston for Constantinople, as missionaries to the Nestorians in Persia; and there she died, January 4th, 1839, aged twenty-five years.

THE PEASANT-NOBLES; OR, THE BETHUNE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the humblest of peasant cottages, in a rural district of the county of Fife in Scotland, lived, some twenty years ago, a family of the name of Bethune. It consisted of the parents and two sons, both grown up to manhood. The family was poor, very poor. The father had spent most of his life as a farm-servant, and had been for years very much of an invalid, so that the support of the family devolved on the sons, who, judging from appearances, had not been very successful in the art of making wealth. The dwelling in which we find them, after the labours of the day, assembled at a very spare and frugal meal, consists of one room used for all purposes, now perhaps blinding with smoke; or, if rain has fallen heavily, saturated with water, which oozes through its insufficient roof. Yet there is an air of calm intelligence and gentle affection about this group, which contrasts somewhat strangely with the misery of their outward circumstances. We are, in truth, in the company of a family of rare excellence and rare endowments. John Bethune, the father, is a man of clear sound judgment, and noted in the parish for his high integrity and independence of spirit. He is a decided Christian, moreover; and so is his wife, Alison Christie; a noble woman withal, who has managed, amidst the toils of domestic servitude and the still greater hardships of her own house, to cultivate a love of reading, especially of poetry, and a warm appreciation of all that is good and beautiful and elevated, not often found so strong and pure in any rank of life. In those sons, on whom the parents' eyes are resting with fond affection, we have the poet brothers, whose sad story has thrilled many a heart. "Ah! poets," exclaims some reader, who is not yet acquainted with the particulars of their history, "there is the secret of their poverty. Poets should be born to fortunes; if indeed they can manage to keep them, it is all that can be expected of the improvident race. Men who have to work for their bread had better eschew poetry, at least so far as composing it is concerned." Nay, gentle reader, not so hasty in your conclusions. True, unsteadiness and improvidence have too frequently been found in connexion with poetic gifts, but the conjunction is not a necessary one, a proof of which, though happily by no means a singular one, is afforded by the lives of the Bethunes.

John Bethune, the youngest of the group, was born in the year 1811. He was first initiated into the mysteries of learning by his mother. When he reached his sixth year, however, it was judged proper that he should go to school. And so one cold dismal winter morning the poor urchin was trudged off with a young companion, to an humble seminary of learning some two miles distant from his home. The scene did not suit the child. He came home that evening downcast and discouraged, and he never returned to school. Thus with one day's tuition began and ended the school education of the future poet. Alison resumed her work of teaching him to read, and by and by his brother, who numbered seven more years than John, gave him such lessons in writing and arithmetic as his

own slender stock of accomplishments enabled him to impart.

Poor boy! other and harder work quickly fell to his lot. Before he numbered his thirteenth year, he, with his brother, was breaking stones on the public road. It was winter, the weather intensely cold, and he had to resort to the wildest gambols to restore warmth to his nearly frozen legs and feet. But he winced not. Already the spirit of independence and strong endurance which characterized the man is seen in the boy. His father had been long ailing, expenses beyond his means had been incurred, and the two young sons cheerfully betook themselves to their hard task morning after morning, that their parents' debt might be cleared off, their anxieties removed, and a few comforts added to their lot.

Severe as was their toil, the wages were miserable, and weaving being then a more profitable employment, John was apprenticed in 1824, to a person of that trade in the village of Collessie, a few miles distant from his home. He quickly became expert in the business, and could earn as much as 2s. 6d. in the day, a large sum as compared with his former wages. And now it was resolved that the brothers should become weavers on their own account, the elder learning the business from the younger. Accordingly, a house was taken for the purpose, and 10*l.*, which had been saved by the most desperate economy, laid out in the necessary implements. But scarcely was everything ready when the great failures in this business, which took place at the end of 1825 and beginning of 1826, almost ruined the trade for a time, and the looms and other implements in which the entire fortune of the Bethunes was placed, were rendered nearly useless.

It was a hard stroke to the struggling youths, but they were not the men to lose time in unavailing regrets. There was nothing for it but to return to their former work, and to this they immediately betook themselves. Meanwhile a love of intellectual culture had taken strong possession of both minds. At their mother's knee, listening to her recitals from the most sublime of all books, the Bible, and to passages from her favourite Cowper, thoughts and feelings higher and more refined than those of their class generally had been awakened. In the fleecy clouds which rolled over their heads, the shadow which fell on the placid face of the lake, the waving branches of the trees, or the sighing of the winds, our young poets saw and heard and felt many things unthought of by their fellow-labourers. And in the few books which they were able to buy or borrow, worlds of thought and feeling were opened to them, to which these others were perfect strangers. Yet none of their comrades performed his daily work better; none of them husbanded his scanty earnings more *prudently*; none of them had more consideration, more affection in all social relations. A useful lesson this, both to the man who dreads knowledge and the cultivation of taste in the working classes as inimical to the steady and cheerful discharge of their daily tasks, and to the still more erring votary of literature, who thinks his real or fancied endowments release him from the common obligations of social life, and believes himself entitled to eat though he does not work.

But the life of the Bethunes had a higher and nobler lesson still to teach men. It tells us that a man may be true, upright, and industrious. He may work hard and live sparingly, and yet he may not succeed. He remains in the cold grasp of sordid poverty. And when it is so, when Providence, as it were, seems to frown on his every effort, he may kiss the hand that afflicts, and from the heart acknowledge that all things are ordered aright by the Ruler of the universe. It is well that worldly success usually follows honest industry. It is well also that there are exceptions to this rule, when in these cases the proper spirit is shown under trials; for then men learn that there is a reality in faith in the Eternal, in the control of his providence over all things, and in the wisdom and love of that providence, even when it seems most adverse. And truly a Job's history is the future career of the peasant poets. We have trial after trial, as if Satan had obtained permission to try them in every way; and the maintenance of integrity, faith, and submission, a grateful though sad heart, and a kindly though mournful spirit, under all. While yet a lad of seventeen, John was engaged in winter in out-door work, which required him to stand nearly up to the knees in water. The result was what might be expected, severe illness which laid him up for three months. A heavy affliction this in any circumstances, but doubly so when daily bread is dependent on daily labour. Two years after, his brother was dreadfully mangled by a gunpowder explosion, and during four months was unable to contribute his share of labour to the family stock. John now worked for all by day, as Alexander had done before, and took his turn of nursing the sufferer by night. And well and tenderly was the task performed. A beautiful thing was the devoted and self-sacrificing love of this family. It shines through the whole of their sad history, like a thread of gold in a dark texture, or a single bright ray in a gloomy sky.

Again, we pass over rather more than two years; at the end of which we find that, though the younger son was somewhat in debt at the period of his brother's convalescence, he had managed in this time to save 14*l.* His earnings were about 19*l.* a year, out of which he supported himself and one of his parents, gave considerable sums in charity, and bought books. His personal expenditure, we are told, could not possibly have exceeded 7*l.* per annum, food, clothing, and everything included. Frugal enough this, surely, even if he were not a poet! Yet there was nought of avarice in these savings. Independence was the great prompter, the determination of working unaided for himself and his own, owing no man anything but love. His little fortune was, however, not left long to accumulate. Renewed affliction was at hand. His brother was again subjected to a gunpowder accident while working in a stone quarry; and by the time he was able to resume his accustomed tasks, every farthing of John's savings was expended. The next year he was himself the sufferer; influenza, measles, and small-pox following each other in quick succession, laying him of course aside from work, and adding to the poverty of the already embarrassed family.

Notwithstanding the deep shadow of adversity which ever hung over him, our young poet's intel-

lectual taste strengthened and matured. "Where there is a will there is a way." John Bethune knew this, and found the way, difficult as it was to the hard-worked, sickly, miserably poor day-labourer. Who so unlikely to acquire knowledge and cultivate taste? yet he did both. Stinting himself of food to buy books, and of rest to study them, he enjoyed them with a zest not to be understood by those whose access to these treasures is readier. His poetical talents and taste, were, like those of all Scotch peasant-poets since the time of Burns, greatly developed and formed by the works of that great master; unlike, in this case, in moral tone, as were the reckless self-indulgent master and the nobly self-restrained pupil. With our chief modern poets he became acquainted through a poor St. Andrew's student, who taught a school in his neighbourhood, and was in the habit of amusing the ladies who had a taste that way, in the evenings, by recitations from Scott, Byron, Moore, and Campbell. As he listened, the fire burned within. All a poet's feelings, tastes, aspirations, were his. A poet he was, and write he must: with what success the reader may judge from the following lines, one of many pieces written by him when little more than seventeen.

Hail, hallow'd evening! sacred hour to me,
Thy clouds of gray, thy vocal melody,
The dreamy silence oft to me has brought
A sweet exchange from toil to peaceful thought.
Ye purple heavens! how often has my eye,
Wearied with its long gaze on drudgery,
Look'd up and found refreshment in the hues
That gild thy vest with colouring profuse!

O evening gray! how oft have I admired
Thy airy tapestry, whose radiance fired
The glowing minstrels of the olden time,
Until their very souls flow'd forth in rhyme.
And I have listen'd, till my spirit grew
Familiar with their deathless strains, and drew
From the same source some portion of the glow
Which fill'd their spirits, when from earth below
They scann'd thy golden imagery. * * *

O evening gray! my deepest purest joy,
While yet an untaught, wild, and wayward boy,
Loitering and dreaming by the waveless lake,
Was to gaze on thy mirror'd face, and make
Curious conjectures and strange phantasies
Of thy high world of clouds, whose thousand dyes
Drew forth my boyish soul, till it would mix
With the deep glory, and I tried to fix
Ideal boundaries to those vapoury domes
Which seem'd of spirits the celestial homes.
Thy clouds of purple, edged with colour dun
By heaven's high painter—the receding sun—
To my young eye appear'd the bless'd abode
Of souls who fled through flood and flame to God.
Ay, there methought the glorious martyr band
Sat smiling on their once-loved native land;
And—crown'd with never-fading bays and palms,
While heaven was made harmonious by their psalms,
Rejoicing with immortal joy to see
That land, for which they died, now happily free—
That hope, which made them in the dungeon smile,
Bright'ning each vale through Albion's favour'd isle—
That faith, for which their limbs had erst been bound,
Preach'd full and free to multitudes around—
That holy book, whose every word is life,
In palace, hall, and humble cottage life—
The words they spoke, the dying songs they sung,
Treasured in every heart—on every tongue.

Such were the dreams with which, for many a day,
I mused the peaceful evening hour away;

And still, with fancy's ever-dreaming eye,
I saw these martyr'd brethren in the sky:
The placid heavens above them, softly blue,
The green earth far beneath them, full in view,
And clouds around, beyond expression fair!
Still I could almost wish to see them there.
And then I wish'd my thoughts, my soul to twine
With those pure spirits in that holy shrine.
And then I listen'd for the songs they sung,
Till in my ear faint melodies were rung;
Cheated by fancy, I enjoy'd the cheat—
Deceived, yet I believed not the deceit!
And still they sung in harmony, methought,
While the faint zephyrs caught each wandering note,
And from the glowing west bore them along,
Till earth was bless'd with the harmonious song,
Which seem'd to fall in many a hallow'd close,
On the green wood which shelter'd my repose.

A finer example of indomitable perseverance, and the triumph of mind over physical suffering, can scarcely be conceived than is presented to us in the daily life of our peasant youth at this period. His health was very delicate; he was already afflicted with several internal diseases which rendered it painful for him to lie in bed longer than five hours at a time. At three o'clock in summer, and four in winter, he was up surrounded by his books and papers, which occupied him—the Bible first—and then whatever happened to be the object of his present study, till it was time to set out to work. All his way thither he was still busy. He carried in his hand a tiny volume, "The Christian Remembrancer," from which he seemed to be committing something to memory. The fact is, that poet and writer as he had been for some time, his orthography was still very imperfect, and he was thus learning to spell. Piece after piece of the poetical selections in this book were taken, and word by word, till the spelling of each was firmly fixed in his memory. This was done while walking to and from his work. There the mind was not less active than the hands, and when a good thought struck him, it was quickly noted down in pencil on a slip of paper which he carried with him for the purpose. The day's work ended, and his frugal supper despatched, his papers were again drawn forth. They consisted of paper bags ripped up, or any such like scraps of this material, originally employed as wrappings for groceries, now become the depositories of verses immeasurably superior to many which dainty hands have traced on perfumed and gilt-edged pages, and sent forth for the admiration of the world. A fit desk for such papers was an old copy-book placed on the writer's knee, and the study was the one room of all uses, already described. Beside our author when thus occupied, stood a table with an old newspaper lying on it; and as a neighbour's foot was heard approaching, the writing materials were hastily deposited there under cover of the newspaper provided for the purpose. And often enough the neighbour's foot was heard, perhaps at the moment that thought was flowing most freely, and the poor student was obliged to submit to have his train of ideas fatally interrupted by the intrusion and silly gossip of some ignorant idler. These neighbours wondered a good deal at this strange lad, so quiet, so reserved, caring so little for the amusements common to his age and condition, and apparently substituting nothing else of the same kind for them. If, however, a kind office was needed, nobody was

applied to sooner than John Bethune. Poor as he was, there were others poorer, and more destitute still; and it is truly affecting, ay, and reproachful too, to the most of men, to read with how great a self-sacrifice he managed to help them. The benevolence of the poor to each other has often been remarked, and it is a beautiful feature delightful to turn to from the cold selfishness which seems as it were to ooze out at every pore of society, spreading its blighting and hardening influence everywhere. John Bethune felt it so, and sweetly and truthfully has he brought out these lights of poverty in his pictures of humble life; but better and rarer far than portraying and praising such scenes, he acted them. When the spring came, with the delightful freshness of its verdure, its gushing minstrelsy, its universal rejoicing, who could more enjoy the quiet ramble, dreaming of all things beautiful and good in this delightful season, than our poet? Who more needed to give himself up to whatever cheering influence came within his reach, and enjoy whatever relaxation his circumstances made possible, than the young invalid, a sufferer in body and in mind, from the weight of labour and cares too early laid on him? But he sought it not. His own day's work over, he hurried to the garden of some poor widow, to cultivate that without fee or reward. One season he took the charge of five such gardens, making his labour in the spring months extend from five in the morning till daylight failed, which, when the season was far advanced, was not till nearly ten at night. The parties so generously served could understand the kindness of adding this labour to the toils of the day; but they could not appreciate the whole amount of sacrifice which the studious youth made in thus devoting to their service the evenings so precious to himself. How does the lustre of many actions, applauded far and wide as noble and generous, pale before the grandeur of such conduct as this, persevered in year after year, with no thought of notice or of praise! He might well indite touching tales of the struggling poor. He had earned the right to do so. And Providence gave him the ability to picture what he saw, and express what he felt, with exquisite pathos. What, for instance, can surpass in simple, truthful, mournful beauty, the following lines:—

THE REAPER'S CHILD.

I saw upon the harvest field
A mother and her child;
The mother look'd disconsolate—
The bairnie never smiled.

It did not laugh as it was wont,
It neither stirr'd nor play'd;
But, by the stock's warm sunny side,
Lay still where it was laid.

The mother kiss'd it tenderly,
And wrapp'd it in her plaid,
And clapp'd it, and dautit* it,
And stroked its curly head.

Then look'd upon it mournfully,
And tears fell on its face,
As she fondled it, and folded it
In a farewell embrace.

* A Scotch term for *fondled*.

And when she went, its faint complaint
Her ear with anguish struck;
And back she turn'd, and came again
To take another look.
And closer yet she laid the sheaves
To shield it from the breeze;
And kneel'd once more, to comfort it,
Upon her trembling knees.
And gladly she had watch'd it there,
But the hour of rest expired;
And she was call'd again to toil,
And slowly she retired.
Her children's bread depended on
The labours of her arm;
And there she left that child alone,
And hoped it safe from harm.
But every handful which she laid
Behind her in the sheaf,
She cast on her sick infant's couch
A stealthy look of grief.
And when the long and weary rig
To the uttermost was shorn,
She hurried back before the rest,
To soothe her latest born.
But when she came where it was laid,
She started back, in fear,
To see its alter'd countenance,
And then again came near.
Its large black eyes were firmly closed,
Its wee white hand was chill,
And deep solemnity reposed
On its face so pale and still.
It neither answer'd to her voice,
Nor raised its drooping head,
Nor breathed, nor smiled, nor sobb'd, nor sigh'd—
Alas! the child was dead!
The dying struggle was unseen,
Its infant soul had fled,
While its poor mother struggled hard
To earn her daily bread.
And those fond mothers who have seen
The greenest loveliest leaf
Of their life's summer withering,
Will know that mother's grief.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—A pin and a needle, neighbours in a work contract, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head?" "What's the use of your head?" replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye?" said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long." "Why not?" said the needle. "Because you always have a stitch at your side," said the pin. "You are a crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin. "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle. "And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin. While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle; "how much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers, till they lie down in the dust together as we are."

THE SUBMARINE ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

A STRONG-minded woman was my grandmother. Not that she was one of your fast-talking, bustling, noisy females, with voices which always remind me of exasperated cockatoos; the vigour of whose minds keeps them always rattling about the house or the neighbourhood, who scorn at lady-like manners as affectation, and who seem to think that the highest achievement of their sex is to leave "an impression" on the world. My grandmother, in her proper sphere, at home and abroad, was activity itself; but it was veiled by a quiet and unostentatious manner, which is the invariable characteristic of the true gentlewoman.

Ah! well do I remember her in her ancient, high-backed, and capacious chair, with her books, or her work, or both, on the table before her, while we boys and girls listened with intense curiosity and admiring wonder to the pleasing or strange things she was accustomed to relate. Many an hour did we thus delightfully and profitably spend, when the snow was on the ground, and the neighbouring ponds spread over themselves, for increased warmth, a mantle of ice, and the wind in its wintry gambols was making eddies in the air, or, rising to the fury of the storm, scattered far and wide its devastations.

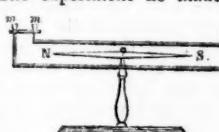
Now, it was in one of these nightly musings and chatters—for even in our little way, we did not talk without thinking, or think without talking—that we were trying to find out, in answer to one of her questions, how people could speak to one another though they were a long way apart. But, in vain did each one of us put on our "considering cap;" while our several faces went entirely through the series of changes into which they were accustomed to be thrown in the most difficult cases of *puzzle-ation*. The solution, after all our efforts, remained as far off as that of the celebrated problem: given, the length of the vessel and the amount of her tonnage, to tell the name of the captain. The most persevering of our tribe stuck to it heartily; for a long time he refused to "give it up," but, at length, he too struck his flag, and we unanimously acknowledged that the query involved an inscrutable mystery.

My grandmother smiled, and going to her little library of carefully selected and well-read books, and taking down a volume of "the Spectator," which, by the way, was published when the last century was about eleven years old, put us in possession of a very striking fact. For Addison mentions there, that in one of the works of Strada, the old Latinist, he gives an account of a "chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner." He tells us too, that each of the friends being possessed of one of these needles, made a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters of the alphabet in the same manner that the hours of the day are marked on the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without

impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. He further states, that the friends having to part, and to visit distant countries, they agreed to retire to their rooms at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye on his dial-plate. If he wished to communicate anything to his friend, he directed the needles to the letter which formed the words of the sentences, making a pause at the end of each word and sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend meanwhile "saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. Thus they were enabled to converse with one another, though separated by any extent of distance."

Such is a very remarkable anticipation of the Electric Telegraph, but it is not the only one; for in the "Century of Inventions," the Marquis of Worcester has the following:—"How, at a window, as far as one can discover black from white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent;" while both in England and France the telegraph, and subsequently the semaphore, were employed for the same purpose. Between sixty and seventy years ago, when Arthur Young was travelling in France, he met with an ingenious mechanic, M. Lomond, of whom he wrote:—"You write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects it with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motion of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful."

But of the utility, as well as the beauty, there was the rapidly vegetating and expanding germ in the great discovery of Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen—the deflection of the needle by electricity. The experiment he made may be very easily un-



derstood. In the diagram, N s is a magnetic needle, with a wire passing round it, capable of connexion with the poles of a galvanic battery by any of the mercury cups m, m, m, so that a current may be sent above, below, or round it. x is the north, and s the south pole of the magnetic needle. When the current passes, the needle will instantly change its position. If the current is *above*, the needle will turn to the *east*; if *below*, to the *west*. And so, not to mention other changes, the electrical current brought to act on the needle causes it to turn from its usual point in different directions, and on these we may calculate with absolute certainty.

Here, then, is the basis of the electrical telegraph, which Mr. Wheatstone thus describes, and which more than realizes the most sanguine specu-

lations of Strada and Lomond :—“ On a dial with five vertical magnetic needles, twenty letters of the alphabet are marked, and the various letters are indicated by the mutual convergence of the two needles, when they are caused to move. If the first needle turn to the right and the second to the left, ‘*a*’ is indicated; if the first needle deviates to the right and the fourth to the left, then ‘*b*’ is indicated; and if the same needles converge downwards, then ‘*y*’ is pointed to. These magnetic needles are acted on by electrical currents passing through coils of wire placed immediately behind them. Each coil forms a portion of a communicating wire, which may extend to any distance whatever. These wires, at their termination, are connected with an apparatus consisting of five longitudinal and two transverse metal bars in a wooden frame, the latter being united to the two poles of a voltaic battery, which ordinarily have no communication with the longitudinal bars, on each of which two stops, forming two parallel rows are placed. When a stop of the upper row is pressed down, the bar on which it is placed forms a metallic communication with the transverse bar below, which is connected with one of the poles of the battery; and when a stop of the lower one is touched, another longitudinal bar forms a metallic communication with the other pole of the voltaic battery, and the current flows between the two wires, to whatever distance they may extend.”

“ Will you allow me, sir, to see the Marine Electrical Telegraph ? ” asked an elderly lady, a short time ago, as she entered the office of the company ; expecting, doubtless, that the gentleman she addressed would open a door, invite her to follow him, and then disclose the mighty wonder, just as if it was as visible as an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, or occasionally went into, and came up from the water, just like its far-famed Hippopotamus.

It is, indeed, no easy thing to take up our standing on the sea-shore, and to realize distinctly and firmly the absolute fact. Mighty ships, are wafted onwards as the wind fills their sails, or steam, a scarcely less wondrous agent, plies the paddle-wheel or the screw, ploughing the waves on the ocean’s surface ; troops of fishes sport and frisk and flounder in mid-water, each of them happy in its own existence ; while sunk amidst the sea-weed, the shells and the pebbles of the bed of the deep, is that iron cable, along the meanderings of which words and thoughts are silently chasing one another, hurried on the lightning’s wings, from island to continent, and back again from continent to island.

That we may form a correct idea of this newly devised agency for international communication, we must first visit the works of the Submarine Telegraph Company, situated at Wapping, where, notwithstanding the unsurpassable aggregate of tar, smoke, and steam, many highly distinguished persons have felt there existed a powerful attraction. Reaching the High-street, and entering the factory, the eye immediately rests on two well-constructed machines, each about twenty feet high and fifteen in circumference, a large iron framework, in fact, in the form of a cupola, with a shaft or cylinder in the centre, worked by a steam-engine of five-horse power. A bell rings, and immediately the work-

men from the establishment of Messrs. Newall of Gateshead, gather round one of these machines for the first process. And now there issues from it a layer composed of four electric copper wires, known as the sixteen-wire gauge, each incased in a covering of gutta percha, of a quarter of an inch diameter ; and these, aided by the manipulators, are twisted and plaited in spiral convolutions, like an ordinary rope or cable. The next superincumbent coil to this consists of hempen yarn, previously saturated in a reservoir of prepared pitch and tallow, and this, in its turn, is tightly twisted and compressed, impermeably, over the gutta percha, with its inclosed copper wires. This, too, is overlaid with a series of hempen yarns, five or six in number, and about an inch in diameter, saturated in the pitch and tallow, with the design of “ worming,” as it is called, the gutta percha, acting in fact, as a protective covering ; while over this is drawn a coat of mail of galvanized wire.

Such, then, is the first process : the second consists in hauling off the wire so far completed, and passing it, in another compartment of the factory, to another wire-rope machine, where the cord is completed, covered over with ten galvanized iron wires, each wire being about the thickness of a common lead pencil, and known as No. 1, galvanized iron wire-gauge. This sheathing is to defend the inner layers from the action of the sea, and the weight is considered sufficient to sink the cable. The appearance of the cable thus completely incased in a coat of galvanized iron, and divested of tar and dirt, is quite silvery. The coil when completed is drawn off from the machine, and draughted out by the men, just as sailors haul rope, into the factory yard, where it will remain, for a time, rolled up into a circle some five feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference, representing a dead weight of two hundred tons. It is tested by firing a fusee through it, from one of the batteries which are in the building. In this way the whole of the numerous miles of communication, represented by the wires of the Submarine Telegraph was prepared, tested, and found complete, by Mr. Wolaston, in the Regent’s Canal.

Let us now proceed to a neighbouring wharf, where the Blazer, a government vessel, has arrived, for the purpose of conveying this curiously constructed and enormous cable to Dover ; the masts, funnel, and boiler being expressly removed for the occasion. Here ingenuity diminishes the toil which its removal necessarily involves ; for the cable is passed over an elevated revolving wheel, placed above the coil, thence to another wheel, some seven feet in diameter, on to a stage perhaps fifty feet high, overlooking the High-street, and thence through a wooden trough across the street on to the wharf. Next it is hauled, with sailor-like dexterity, on to the prow of the vessel, over what are termed “ chocks,” or triangular-shaped pieces, to regulate its progress, at the rate of a mile an hour, and then stowed away in coils in the hold. Thus laden, the Blazer proceeded on its way, and arriving in Dover, the necessary arrangements were made at the South Foreland.

The subsequent history of the cable may be speedily told. Early the next morning, the steamer Fearless, with a picked crew, was ready to pilot the convoy across the Channel. As there was

not sufficient depth of water for the Blazer to be brought near enough ashore, the first thing was to convey the extremity of the cable on to the South Foreland coast. The Fearless then after having made fast her towing tackle to the hull of the Blazer, steamed ahead, at the rate of two miles an hour, out to sea, the men on board the latter vessel "paying out," as the phrase is, the cable over her stern, from whence, by its own weight, it sank into the submarine sand and valley.

The track thus taken between the South Foreland and Sangatte, the corresponding point on the French coast, had been deliberately selected, as presenting, from previous soundings and surveys, the fewest obstacles and probable disturbances; it was marked out by pilot buoys, the depth of the sea-line being from 20 to 30 feet at the starting point, while the maximum depth was 180 feet. As the paying out continued, complimentary messages were transmitted by means of the cable, through the waters to Dover. After three days had been occupied in stretching the cable across the Straits, it was brought up on the French coast at Sangatte, about three miles below Calais, whence it was carried underground to the Telegraph Station of the Great North of France Railway. The same evening the electric currents were passed from coast to coast, and on the following day a series of experiments took place with the most satisfactory results. Two conditions regarded as absolutely essential have by the combination of tact, energy, and perseverance for which the people of England stand high among the nations, been effectually secured. The conducting medium has been so completely insulated as to resist the pressure of the immense mass of water to which it is subjected, while it unites the flexibility requisite to allow of its being coiled and uncoiled, with a strength and weight sufficient to enable it to retain its position at the bottom of the sea, and to ward off the effect of any natural violence. And then, the points on either coast are so connected, that the line between them presents no other causes of accident than have been foreseen and guarded against in the preparation of the cable, while these have been reduced to the lowest possible amount. Some time ago indeed, the papers gave currency to a rumour, that the fluke of an anchor had grasped a part of it, and the imaginations of many pictured its being rent asunder again and again. Curious to know what had really happened, we made a call at the office of the company expressly to inquire; but the party applied to, with the most perfect self-composure replied:—"We do not know that the anchor caught the cable at all: it might have been a reef, or part of some old wreck, or—perhaps it was the great sea-serpent!"

It is difficult to over-estimate the international value and commercial advancement of the enterprise so auspiciously consummated. To Paris, Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, Liège, Cologne, Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, Frankfort, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Breslau, Stettin, Cracow, Vienna, Trieste, Venice, Milan, Turin, and Genoa—winged words may be wafted, with the rapidity of the lightning's flash.

The Howth and Holyhead Submarine Telegraph has more recently become an established

fact; its history being not a little remarkable. Three several companies had been advertised for telegraphing across the Irish Sea, but they proceeded slowly towards the accomplishment of their design. "He walks swiftly," said Napoleon, "who walks alone;" and it is no unusual thing for the one to leave the many far behind. So it was in the present instance; for while others were scheming, Mr. R. S. Newall, to whom the desirableness and practicability of an Irish Telegraph had occurred, had induced the firm of which he is a member, actually to undertake it. He now went to the Gutta Percha Works, Wharf-road, with the inquiry, "Can you supply us with eighty miles of telegraph wire, doubly covered with gutta percha, within a fortnight?" "I'll try," was the reply of Mr. Statham; and the effort was successful, the wire being produced towards the close of the time appointed, at the rate of twelve miles a day. The coated wire was then sent down to Gateshead to be surrounded with twelve galvanized iron wires twisted round in a spiral. Mr. Statham now proceeded with a staff of assistants, and the requisite apparatus to Holyhead; the Admiralty kindly sent down Captain Beechey, to give his valuable advice and assistance, and they also lent the Prospero, Government steamer, Captain Aldridge, to aid in carrying out the undertaking. Meanwhile, the Britannia was hired to bring the cable from Whitehaven, and afterwards "pay it out" from Holyhead to Dublin. The enormous cable, eighty miles in length, weighing a ton a mile, and all in one continuous piece, was wound up into immense coils, placed on trucks one after the other, and drawn by steam from one side of England to the other.

But now arose a series of difficulties. On the Britannia arriving at Whitehaven, it was found that the dock was too narrow at its entrance to permit the vessel to enter; the coils had therefore to be replaced on trucks and carried to Maryport, where they were at length embarked, and speedily conveyed to Holyhead. If now a clear path was hoped for by any, Mr. Statham, who had achieved the Dover and Calais connexion, knew too well the dangers and accidents to which those concerned were liable in the event of a gale, to proceed one step without a careful preliminary inspection. The result justified his caution; the insulation of the copper was tested, and found to be defective; then the portions stowed in the various departments of the ship were examined separately, and at last it was ascertained that the fault lay in some eight miles of line lying at the bottom of the hold. There was no alternative but to disembark the Leviathan bulk, and track it step by step to the exact seat of the defect. This was accordingly done, the fault was remedied, and the gigantic rope was ready to be placed in its abiding home.

Early on that morning the Britannia, towed by the Prospero, commenced "paying out" the cable along the route from Holyhead to Howth. Occasionally difficulties were still experienced in running out the coils, but they were all overcome by the skill and energy of the parties concerned. Slowly the vessels ploughed on at the rate of from three to five miles an hour; and, at length, between seven and eight o'clock on the same evening, the Britannia anchored off Howth. An electric current was sent through the wire to Holyhead, and the

returning answer brought the pleasing tidings that the line was complete throughout, and perfectly insulated. The portion of cable requisite for completing the connexion with the shore and land line was now laid down, and the parties engaged in this arduous undertaking, sought about daybreak some repose, after nearly two days and nights of excessive and intense exertion.

It was natural to suppose that all was now smooth and prosperous; but though those who had already suffered so much in the attempt, went down at noon, buoyant with hope, to the Amiens-street terminus, yet when the batteries were put in action, the wires connected, and a reply was anxiously expected—there was *none!* They took a boat and rowed to the ship. A message sent to Holyhead, brought back the reply that all was right there. It was therefore manifest that the fault lay somewhere between the Britannia and the shore. Again it was necessary to take up this portion of the line, and test it little by little; when it was supposed that the defect was caused by the straining of the ship upon a line comparatively short; when discovered, it was soon remedied on board. Again the wire was recoiled into an open boat, the crew of which made a renewed attempt to lay it down on the shore.

In the meantime, Messrs. Statham and Newall proceeded to shore in another boat with the instruments, but when they overtook the boat which had been engaged in laying out the cable, they found the process at a stand, the crew having managed to sink the whole line while at some distance from the shore. Again Mr. Statham had to return to the ship, to obtain another mile of cable uncoiled, to recoil it in the boat, and then to run to where the deficient extremity of the cable remained. All this, however he energetically accomplished: and there, in an open boat, at two o'clock in the morning, with the aid of a little burning spirits to solder the wires, reunite the gutta percha, and restore the cable to a continuous and insulated state, he completed his task. Ample was the success of that night of toil. On the following morning, the Britannia let go the cable and steamed away: while those on shore, after repeated experiments, were satisfactorily convinced that no impediment whatever existed in communication with Holyhead.

M. Dupont proposes a work far more stupendous. It is to span the Atlantic. He would suspend a cable like that already described, by buoys placed at certain determinate distances apart, say thirty feet, and never allow it to sink beyond the depth of forty feet.

The water is calm and still below,

whatever the agitation and fury of the waves above. And from buoy to buoy he would carry the electric wires till the entire distance was accomplished. The very thought is startling of a message from the city of London traversing the breadth of England, Ireland, and the great Atlantic Ocean, and being delivered in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, with electrical speed; yet, who that looks on what has been already and so recently accomplished, will venture to affirm that even this wonder shall not become familiar to another generation.

Miscellaneous.

A FINE PICTURE.—“I have just seen a most beautiful picture,” said Mr. E—— to his friend, Mr. T——, as they met to spend a social hour after the labours of the day were over.

“What was it?” said Mr. T——.

“It was a landscape. The conception is most beautiful, and the execution well-nigh perfect. You must go with me and see it to-morrow, before it is removed.”

“I have seen a fine picture to-day, myself.”

“Have you? What was it?”

“I received notice this morning that there was great suffering in a certain family, and as soon as I could leave my business, I went to see what could be done. I climbed up to the garret, where the family was sheltered, and as I was about to knock at the door, I heard a voice in prayer. When the prayer was ended, I entered the wretched apartment, and found a young tradesman, whose shop I had just been in, and whose business I knew was very pressing. Yet he had left it, and had spent some time in personal labours for the comfort of the sick and suffering inmates of that garret; and when I came to the door, was praying with them, preparatory to taking his leave. I asked him how he could find time to leave his business at such a busy season, and he replied, that ‘it was known that the condition of the family had been communicated to several professing Christians, and that he was afraid the cause of religion would suffer, if relief were not promptly given. It is not absolutely necessary,’ said he, ‘that I should make money; but it is absolutely necessary that Christ’s honour should be maintained.’”

Surely Mr. T—— did not speak inaccurately, when he said he had seen a fine picture. Compared with such pictures, the efforts of the greatest masters lose their power to charm. Such scenes relieve the deformities of the moral landscape, and inspire emotions which it is beyond the power of art to reach. Such pictures we may all have a hand in painting.

THE DYING NOBLEMAN.—A certain nobleman, as the story goes, had a rude wit in his employ, called a fool. Amused with a remark of his one day, the nobleman gave him his walking-cane, with this injunction: “Take this walking-cane, and keep it until you meet with a greater fool than yourself, and then give it to him.” In process of time, his lordship was laid upon a dying bed, and sending for his attendant, bade him “Farewell!” “Where is your lordship going?” said the man. “I am going to my long home,” replied the nobleman. “Your long home! How long is your lordship going to stay there?” “Oh,” said the dying nobleman, “I am never to return!” “Never to return!” exclaimed the man, “never to return!” “No,” said the nobleman, “I am going to eternity, and am never to return!” “Has your lordship made any preparation for your journey?” “No,” said he, “I have not.” “Then,” replied the man, “your lordship will please to take the walking-cane; for with all my folly, never have I been guilty of folly like this!”

TRUE AND FALSE PLEASURE.—“All pleasure,” says John Foster, “must be bought at the expense of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this; for the *true*, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the *false*, afterwards.”

RELIGION IN SOCIETY.—A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.